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T H E

CHERRY AND THE SLOE,

CORRECTED AND MODERNIZED.

The old Spelling being mostly altered, except where the Rhime makes it necessary to preserve the old.

By J. D.

Written originally by Capt. ALEX. MONTGOMERY.

First Printed in the Year 1597.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for ROBERT JAMIESON, Parliament-Square.

1779.

CHERRY AND THE SLOE

CORRECTED AND MODERNIZED

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where the time, which is necessary to pass the oil.



PRINTED BY C. A. MONTGOMERY

THE LONDON AND WEST

EDINBURGH

Printed by Robert Jameson, Edinburgh

1772

T H E

Cherry and the Sloe*.

I.

A Bout a bank, with balmy bow'rs,
Bedeck'd in Beauty's fairest flow'rs,
And greens for ever gay ;
The Mavis, Merl, and Progne proud,
The Linnet, Lark, and Lavrock loud,
Saluted mirthful May.

When Philomel had sweetly fung,
To Progne she deplor'd,
How Tereus cut out her tongue,
And falsly her deflow'r'd ;
Her story so fory ;
In speech so fair she seem'd ;
Her ditty so pretty ;
I doubted if I dream'd.

A

* This Poem was first Printed in the year 1597.

II.

The Cushtat coos, the Corbie crys,
The Cuckow couks, the prattling Pyes,
 To geck her they begin ;
The jargon of the jangling Jays,
The croaking Crows, and kakling Kays,
 'They deav'd me with their din.
The painted Pawn with Argus eyes,
 Can on his Mayock call ;
The Turtle wails on wither'd trees
 And Eccho answers all ;
 Repeating with greeting
 How fair Narcissus fell ;
 By lying and spying
 His shadow in the well.

III.

I saw the Hurchin and the Hare,
In hidlings hirpling here and there,
 To make their morn's repast ;
The Cat and Coney too were set,
Whose dainty downs in dew were wet,
 With whiskers, feeding fast.

The Hart, the Hynd, the *Dae*, the *Rae*,
The Fumart and false Fox ;
The bearded Buck climbs up the *brae*,
With Lristly Bears and Brocks :
Some feeding, some dreading
The hunter's subtile snares,
With skipping and tripping,
They play'd them all in pairs.

IV.

The air was soft, serene, and sweet,
No misty vapours, wind nor weet ;
But quiet, calm and clear ;
To foster Flora's fragrant flow'rs,
Whereon Apollo's paramours
Had trinkled many a tear :
The which like silver shakers shin'd
Embroid'ring beauty's bed,
Whereon their heavy heads declin'd,
In Iris colours clad :
Some moping, some dropping,
Of balmy liquid sweet ;
Excelling and smelling,
Through Phœbus' wholesome heat.

V.

Methought it was a heav'nly thing,
Where dew like diamonds did hing,
O'er-twinkling all the trees,
To study on the flow'ry twists,
Admiring Nature's Alchymists,
Laborious busy Bees ;
Whereof some sweetest honey sought,
To stay their lives from starve,
And some the waxen vessels wrought,
Their purpose to preserve :
So heaping, for keeping,
It in their hives they hide,
Precisely and wisely,
For Winter *they* provide.

VI.

To paint the pleasures of that park,
How every blossom, branch and bark,
Against the Sun did shine,
I leave to Poets to compile,
In high heroic stately stile,
Whose muse surmatches mine.

But as I looked all alone,
I saw a river flow,
Out-o'er a steepy rock of stone,
Then lighted fast below,
With tumbling and rumbling
Among the rocks around,
Devalling and falling
Into a pit profound.

VII.

Through roaring of the river rang
The rocks, resounding like a fang,
Blyth music did abound ;
With treble, tenor, counter, mean,
And Eccho blew a base between,
In Diapason found ;
Set on Nature's clearest clif,
With thorow-base at list ;
With quaver, crotchet, semibrif,
And not a minum mist ;
Compleatly more sweetly
A cording flat or sharp,
Than muse ere did use ere
To pin Apollo's harp.

VIII.

Who could have tir'd to hear that tune,
With birds concerting it so soon,
And lays of lovesome Larks,
Which climb so high in chrystal sky,
While Cupid, waken'd with the cry,
The merry music marks.

Who leaving blithe the heav'ns above
Alighted on the yeard;
Lo how the little lord of Love
Approaching me appear'd;
So mild like, and child like,
With bow three quarters scant,
So flyly, and shyly,
He looked like a faint.

IX.

His crisped hair hung o'er his eyes,
His quiver by his naked thighs,
Hung in a silver lace;
Of gold between his shoulders grew,
Two pretty wings wherewith he flew
On his left arm a brace.

His shining shafts he quickly shook
Upon the grassy ground;
I ran as lightly up to look
What **ferlies* might be found;
Amazed, I gazed,
To see his geer so gay,
Perceiving my having,
He counted me his prey.

X.

His youth and stature made me stout,
Of doubleness I had no doubt,
But thus bespake the boy:
Quoth I, how call they thee my child?
Cupido, Sir, quoth he, and smil'd,
Please you me to employ;
For I can serve you in your suit,
So please you to require,
With wings to fly, and shafts to shoot,
Or flames to set on fire.
Refuse then, or chuse then,
Or of a thousand things,
But crave them and have them;
With that I woo'd his wings.

* Wonders.

XI.

What would'st thou give, my friend, *quoth*
To have those wanton wings to flee, [*he*,

To sport thyself a while ;

Or what if I should lend thee here,

Bow, quiver, shafts, and shooting geer,

Some body to beguile :

That geer, *quoth I*, cannot be bought,

Yet I would have it fain ;

What if, *quoth he*, it cost thee nought,

But giving it again.

His wings then he brings then,

And bound them on my back,

Go flee now, *quoth he*, now,

And so my leave I take.

XII.

I sprang up with *Cupido's* wings,

Who bow and shooting weapons brings

To lend me for a Day ;

As *Icarus* with careless flight,

I mounted higher than I might,

Too perilous a play.

Then forth I drew that double dart,
Which sometime shot his mother,
Wherewith I hurt my wanton heart,
In hope to hurt another;
It trickt me, and prickt me,
While either end I handle;
Come see now, in me now,
The Butterfly and Candle.

XIII.

Like her, allured by the light,
I felt such fondness in my flight,
As simple too as she,
For as she flies till she be fir'd,
So with the dart that I desir'd,
My own hand harmed me:
As foolish *Phæton*, by suit,
Did win his father's wain;
So long'd I with Love's shafts to shoot
Not prizing of the pain.
More wilful than skilful,
To fly I was so fond,
Desiring, aspiring,
To what was me beyond.

XIV.

Too late I learn'd who hews too high,
 The chips may fall and chafe his eye ;
 Too late I fought the schools ;
 Too late I heard the Swallow screech ;
 Too late experience to teach,
 The schoolmaster of fools :
 Too late to find the nest I seek,
 When all the Birds are flow'n :
 Too late the stable door I * *steek*,
 When all the steeds are † *stowen* :
 Too late ay their state ay,
 All foolish folks espy,
 Behind so they find so
 Remeed, and so do I.

XV.

If I had ripely been advis'd
 I had not rashly enterpriz'd
 To soar with borrow'd quill ;
 Nor yet essay'd the archer-craft,
 To shoot myself with such a shaft,
 As passeth Reason's skill.

* Shut.

|

† Stolen.

From time I took my wilful wound,
I had no force to flee,
Then came I groaning to the ground,
Friend, welcome home, quoth he ;
Where flew ye? whom flew ye?
Or who brings home the booting?
I see now, quoth he, now,
Ye have been at the shooting.

XVI.

As Scorn comes commonly with Scaith,
So I behov'd to bide them baith
So fickle was my fate!
Instead of cheer I got a check
Which I might not return or wreck,
'Twas bootless to debate.
My pride and pain were so extreme,
I swelt'ring swoon'd for fear ;
But ere I waken'd of my dream,
He spoil'd me of my geer.
With flight then, on height then,
Sprang *Cupid* in the skies,
Forgetting and setting
At nought my careful cries.

XVII.

So long with looks I follow'd him,
My dazzl'd sight grew dark and dim
 With staring on the stars,
Which flew so fast before my eyes,
Red, yellow, blue, of various dyes :
 My wits went all at wars,
And every thing appeared two
 To my bewilder'd brain :
But long might I lie looking so,
 Ere *Cupid* came again ;
 Whose thund'ring, with wond'ring,
 I heard up in the air,
 Thro' clouds so, he shrouds so,
 And flew I wist not where.

XVIII.

What time the little god was gone,
And I in languor left alone
 In weariness and wo,
Sometimes fighting, sometimes sad,
Sometimes musing, sometimes mad ;
 I wist not what to do.

And now I rave, and now I rage,
Deserted, in despair;
To be outwitted by a Page,
Encreased all my care.

O Dido, Cupido

Abandon'd thee, and so
He wins me, then shuns me,
Alas! why does he so!

XIX.

With meagre visage, pale and wan,
More like an atomy than man,
I wither'd fast away;
As wax before the fire I felt
My heart within my bosom melt,
And piece and piece decay.
To quench the flames with fond desire,
And sighs I set about,
But still the more I blew the fire,
The bolder it broke out.

My heart then did start then
The fiery flames to flee,
Now throbbing, now sobbing,
To leap at Liberty.

XX.

But O, alas ! it was in vain,
Perforce it still must suffer pain,
 Imprison'd in my breast ;
With sighs and sorrow overset,
Like fish entangled in the net,
 Impatiently oppress'd,
Who thinks, in vain, to strive by strength,
 Still struggling fast for breath,
Which profits nought, alas, at last,
 But hastning on her death ;
 With wringing and springing,
 The faster still is she ;
 There I so did lye so,
 My death advancing me.

XXI.

The more I wrestle with the wind,
The fainter still myself I find,
 Nought could my thirst appease,
I wist I could not walk alone,
I was so grievously o'er-gone,
 Thro' drowth of my disease :

Yet weakly as I might I rose,
In darkness and in doubt,
I stagger'd at the windle-straws,
No token I was stout:
Now sp'riteless and mightless
I wrestle as I may,
In anguish to languish
And wend my weary way.

XXII.

With sober pace approaching near,
Where from the rock the river clear,
Of which I spake before,
Ran swiftly, murmuring among
The pebbles, as it past along
The flow'ry fringed shore:
Me Pleasure and Desire provoke,
Impatient to repair
Between the River and the Rock,
Where Hope dwelt with Despair.
On high then, I spy then
A CHERRY tree there grows;
Below too, did grow too,
A bush of bitter SLOES.

XXIII.

The Cherrys hung above my head,
Like twinkling rubies round and red,
 So high upon the bank,
Whose shadows in the River shew,
As gayly glitt'ring as they grew,
 In clusters ripe and rank;
The boughs, thro' burden of their birt
 Declining down their tops;
Reflex of Phœbus off the Firth,
 New-colour'd all their knops :
 With dancing, and glancing,
 In pretty wimpling Play,
 While streaming and gleaming
 The River glides away.

XXIV.

With eagre eye, while I espy,
The fruit betwixt me and the sky,
 Half-height methought to heav'n ;
The cragg so cumbersome to clim,
The tree so tall of growth, and trim,
 And as an arrow even;

I call'd to mind how Daphne did
Within the laurel shrink,
When from Apollo she her hid
On Arethusa's Brink;
That tree there, to me there,
As he his laurel thought,
Admiring, aspiring,
To get the fruit I fought.

XXV.

Then *Dread*, with *Danger* and *Despair*,
Forbade to mar my mind with care
To rake above my reach.
What, tush, quoth *Courage*, man go to,
No doughty deed he ere can do,
That spares for every speech;
For I have oft heard Sages say,
And our Experience tells,
That Fortune helps the hardy ay,
And poltroons ay repels,
Then fear not, nor hear not,
Dread, *Danger* or *Despair*,
The pain, you complain
Of, is gone ere you get there.

XXVI.

Who speed, but such as high aspire,
Who triumph not, but such as tire
 To win a noble name?
Of shrinking, what but shame succeeds?
Then do as thou wouldst have thy deeds
 In register of Fame:
I put the case thou not prevail'd,
 So thou with honour die,
Thy life, but not thy courage fail'd,
 Shall then be said of thee:
 Thy name then, from Fame then,
 Shall never be cut off;
 Thy grave then, shall have then,
 An honest Epitaph.

XXVII.

What can thou lose when Honour lives?
Renown thy virtue still revives,
 If valiantly thou end:
Quoth *Danger*, softly friend, take heed,
Untimely spurring spoils the feed,
 Whate'er you may pretend;

Though Courage counfel thee to clim,
Beware of catching fcaith,
Hast thou no help but *Hope* and him,
They may beguile thee baith ;
And you then, may rue then,
The counfel of fuch clarks,
Where-throw yet, I trow yet
Thy bofom bears the marks.

XXVIII.

Burnt babe of Fire the danger dreads,
So I believe thy bofom bleeds,
Since laft the fire thou felt :
Beside that feldom times we fee
That ever Courage keeps the key
Of knowledge at his belt ;
Though he go forward with his Gun's,
Small Powder he provides.
Be not a novice of that Nun's
That faw not both the fides ;
Such speeding, unheeding,
O'er-fails the fight of fome,
Who look not, nor brook not
What afterwards may come.

XXIX.

Yet Wisdom wishes thee to weigh
 This figure in philosophy,
 A lesson worth thine ear,
 Which is in time to be attent,
 And not when time is past repent;
 To buy *Discretion* dear.

Is there no honour after life,
 That thou thyself must kill;
 Wherefore has *Atropos* that knife?
 I trow thou canst not tell;
 Who * *but* it, wouldst cut it,
 While *Clotho* scarce has spun,
 Destroying thy joying
 Before 'tis well begun.

XXX.

What fool art thou to die for thirst,
 And now may quench it if thou list,
 So easily, † *but* pain;
 More honour is to vanquish ane,
 Than fight with fifty and be ta'ne,
 And either hurt or slain.

* The word *but* here signifies *without*.

† *Without* pain.

Will Fame her pity on thee pour
When all thy bones are broken?
Yon SLOE, suppose, thou thinkst it four
May satisfy to flocken;
Of youth, now, the drowth, now,
Which dries thee with desire,
Assuage then, the rage then,
Foul water quenches fire.

XXXI.

Consider well with whom you cope,
And slip not certainty for hope,
Who guides thee but by guess.
Quoth *Courage*, cowards take no cure
To fit with shame, so they be sure,
I like them all the less;
What pleasure purchas'd is * *but* pain,
Or honour won with ease,
He will not lie where he is slain,
That doubts before he dies.
I fear then, I hear then,
But only one remead,
Which late is, and that is,
To tarry till thou'rt dead.

* *Without*, i. e. He will not die in battle, who doubts that honour is not easily won.

XXXII.

What is the way to heal thy hurt?

What is the way to stay thy sturt?

What means may make thee merry?

What is the comfort that you crave,

Suppose these Sophists thee deceive,

Thou know'st it is the C H E R R Y ;

Since for it only then you thirst,

The S L O E can be no boot,

In it alone thy hopes consist,

And in no other fruit.

Why quak'st thou, and shak'st thou,

Astonish'd at our strife,

Advise thee, it lyes thee,

On no less than thy life.

XXXIII.

Though all beginnings be most hard,

The end is pleasing afterward ;

Then shrink not for a show'r ;

When once that thou the fruit has got,

Thy toil and travel is forgot,

The sweet exceeds the sour ;

Go to then quickly, fear not thir,
For *Hope* good hap has height,
Quoth *Danger* be not sudden, Sir,
The matter is of weight :
First spy both and try both,
Advifement does none ill,
I fay then, you may then
Be wilful when you will.

XXXIV.

But yet to mind the Proverb call
Who ufes perrils perifh ſhall,
Short while his life him laſts ;
And I have heard, quoth *Hope*, that he
Shall never ſhape to fail the ſea,
That for all perrils caſts,
How many through deſpair are dead,
That never perrils preiv'd ?
How many alſo if you read,
Whoſe lives we have reliev'd ?
Who lying and dying,
In danger and deſpair :
Have liv'd ſtill, and thrive'd ſtill,
As thou haſt heard declare.

XXXV.

If we two hold not up thy heart,
Which is the chief and nobler part,
 It were not for thy weal,
Considering those companions can
Dissuade a silly simple man,
 To hazard for his heal ;
Although they have deceived some,
 Ere they and we might meet,
They get no credit where we come,
 With any man of sp'rit,
 By reason, their treason
 By us is plain espy'd,
 Revealing their dealing,
 Which dare not be deny'd.

XXXVI.

With sleeky sophisms, seeming sweet,
As all their doings were discreet,
 They wish thee to be wise,
Postponing time from hour to hour,
But falsely underneath the flow'r
 The lurking serpent lies ;

Suppose thou see'st her not a *stime*
Till that she sting thy foot,
Perceiv'st thou not what precious time
Thy slowthing does o'er-shoot?
Alas, man! thy case man,
In ling'ring I lament;
Go to now, and do now,
That *Courage* be content.

XXXVII.

While *Danger* and *Despair* retir'd,
Experience came and enquir'd,
What all the matter mean'd;
With him came *Reason*, *Wit*, and *Skill*,
And they began to ask at *Will*,
Where make ye to, my friend?
To pluck yon lusty CHERRY, lo,
Quoth he and quit the SLAE:
Quoth they, is there no more ado,
Or ye win up the *brae*?
But to it, and do it,
Perforce the fruit is pluckt.
Well brother, some other
Were fitter to conduct.

XXXVIII.

We grant ye may be good *eneuch* ;
But yet the hazard of yon *heuch*

Requires a graver guide :

As wise as ye are may go wrang ;
Therefore take counfel or ye gang
Of some that stand beside.

But who were yon three ye forbade
Your company right now ;

Quoth *Will* three preachers to persuade
The poison'd SLAE to *pow*.

They tattled and prattled,
A long half hour and *mair* ;
Foul fall them, they call them
Dread, Danger and Despair.

XXXIX.

They are more troublesome than true :
Yon dastards durst not follow you,

Or climb the cragg with us ;

From we determined to die

Or climb yon CHERRY tree so high

They beat about the * *busfs*.

* Bush.

They are condition'd like the Cat,
They would not wet their feet,
But yet, if any fish ye gat,
They would be fain to eat.
Though they now, I say now,
To hazard have no heart,
Yet luck we, and pluck, we,
The fruit they would have part.

XL.

But from we get our voyage won
They shall not then a CHERRY con,
That would not enterprize.
Well, quoth Experience, ye boast ;
But he that counts without his host,
I trow oft times count twice.
Ye fell the Bear's skin on his back,
But bide while ye it get ;
When ye have done, 'tis time to crack ;
Ye fish before the net.

What haste, Sir ! ye taste, Sir,
The CHERRY or ye * *pow* it ;
Beware yet, ye are yet
More talkative than † *trow* it.

* Pull.

† Assured.

XLI.

Call Danger back again, quoth Skill,
 To see what he can say to Will,
 We see them shod so strait :
 We may not trust what ilk one tells :
 Quoth *Courage*, we concluded else,
 He serves not for our mate ;
 For I can tell you all perqueer,
 His counsel or he come.
 Quoth *Will*, whereto should he come here,
 He cannot hold him dumb.
 He speaks ay, and seeks ay,
 Delay of time by drifts ;
 He grieves us, and deives us
 With sophistry and shifts.

XLII.

Why may not these three lead this one,
 —I led a hundred mine alone
 * But counsel of them all.
 I grant, quoth Wisdom, ye have led,
 But I would ask how many sped,
 Or further'd, † but a fall.

* Without.

† Without.

But either few or none I trow,
Experience can tell;
He says the man may blame but you
The first time e'er he fell,
He kens then, what pens then,
You borrow'd him to flee;
His wounds yet, that * *stounds* yet,
He gat, I think, thro' thee.

XLIII.

That, quoth Experience is true,
Will flatter'd him when first he flew:
Will set him in a † *low*:
Will was his council and convoy,
To borrow from the blinded boy
His quiver, wings and bow;
Wherewith before he 'say'd to shoot
He yielded not to youth,
Nor yet had need of any fruit,
To quench his deadly drouth,
Which pines him and dwines him
To death I wot not how,
If *Will* then, did ill then,
Himself remembers now.

* Smarts.

† Flame.

XLIV.

Well, quoth Experience, if he
 Submit himself to you and me,
 I wot what I should say;
 Our good advice he shall not want,
 Providing always that he grant
 To put yon Will away;
 And banish both him and Despair,
 That all good purpose spills;
 So he will mell with them *nae mair*,
 Let them two **flyte* their fills;
 Such closing, but losing
 All honest men may use:
 That change now, were strange now,
 Quoth Reason to refuse.

XLV.

Quoth *Will*, fie on him when he flew,
 That pull'd not CHERRIES then anew,
 Now to have stay'd his †*sturt*.
 Quoth Reason, tho' he bear the blame,
 He neither saw nor needed them,
 Till he himself had hurt.

* Scold.

† Disorder.

First when he minded not, he might,
He needs and may not now,
Thy folly when he took his flight
Empasht him to *pow*.

But he now and we now,
Perceive thy purpose plain,
To turn him and burn him,
And blow on him again.

XLVI.

Quoth *Skill*, why should we longer strive?
Far better late than never thrive :

Come let us help him yet :

Past time we may not prove again ;
We waste the present time in vain,

Beware of that, quoth *Wit* :

Speak on, Experience, let's see,
We think ye hold ye dumb.

Of *by-gones* I have heard quoth he
I know not things to come.

Quoth Reason, the season
With slowthing slides away ;
Then take him, and make him
A man, if that ye may.

XLVII.

Then Will as angry as an ape,
Ran ramping swearing, rude and rape,
Saw he none other shift ;
He would not want an inch of Will,
Whether it did him good or ill,
For thirty of his thrift ;
He would be foremost in the field,
And master if he might ;
Yea he should rather die than yield,
Though Reason had the right :
“ Shall he now make me now
“ His subject, or his slave,”
No rather that day there
He'd quick go to his grave.

XLVIII.

I hight him while my heart is *bail*,
To perish first or he prevail,
Come afterwards what may :
Quoth Reason, doubt ye not indeed,
Ye hit the nail upon the head,
It shall be as ye say.

But since ye think an easy thing
 To mount above the moon,
 Of your own fiddle take a spring,
 And dance when ye have done.
 If then, Sir, the man, Sir,
 Likes of your mirth he may ;
 But * *speir* first and hear first
 What he himself will say.

XLIX.

Then all together they began
 To call, come on, thou crazy man
 hat is thy will advise?
 Abash'd, a little while I stay'd,
 Musing or I my answer made
 And turn'd me once or twice,
 Beholding every one about,
 Whose motions mov'd me *maist*.
 Some seem'd assur'd, some were in doubt ;
 Will ran red † *wood* for haste,
 With wringing and flinging,
 For madness them *amang* ;
 Despair too, for care too,
 Would needs himself go hang.

* Ask.

E

† Mad.

L.

Which when Experience perceiv'd,
 Quoth he, remember if we rav'd,
 As Will advanc'd of late,
 When that he swore, he nothing saw
 In age but anger, slack and slaw,
 And canker'd of conceit.

Ye could not luck, as he alledg'd,
 That all opinions priz'd,
 He was so fierce and fiery edg'd
 He deem'd us ill adviz'd.

Who scances all chances,
 Quoth he, no worship wins,
 To some best shall come best
 That hap well, speed well * *rins*.

LI.

Yet, quoth Experience, behold,
 For all the tales that he has told,
 How he himself behaves,
 Because *Despair* could not come speed,
 Lo where he hangs all but the head,
 And in a † *widdy* waves.

* Runs.

† Gallows.

If they be fure ones, you may fee,
 To him that with them mells ;
 If they had hurt or helped thee,
 Confider by themfelves.

Then chufe thee, to ufe thee,
 By us, or fuch as yon ;
 Say foon, now, have done now ;
 Make either off or on.

LII.

Affure thyfelf, if once we fhed,
 Thou fhalt not get thy purpofe fped ;
 Take tent we have thee told ;
 Have done, and drive not off the day ;
 The man that will not when he may,
 He fhall not when he would.

What wilt thou do, I would we wift,
 Accept us or give o'er ;
 Quoth I, I think me mair than blift
 To find fuch famous four ;
 Befide me, to guide me,
 Now when I have to do,
 Confidering the * *fwiddering*
 Ye found me firft into.

* Hesitating.

LIII.

When *Courage* crav'd a stomach stout ;
 And *Danger* drave me into doubt,
 With his companion *Dread* ;
 Whiles *Will* wou'd up aloft in air,
 Whiles I was drown'd in deep despair,
 Whiles *Hope* held up my head :
 Such pithy reasons and replies
 On ev'ry side they shew,
 That I who was not very wise
 Thought all their tales were true ;
 So *mony* and *bony*
 Old problems they propoun'd,
 Both quickly and likely,
 I marvell'd meikle on't.

LIV.

Yet *Hope* and *Courage* wan the field,
 Tho' *Dread* and *Danger* ne'er would yield,
 But fled to find refuge ;
 So, when you four met they were fain,
 When we agreed to come again,
 They join'd to make ye judge :

Where they were fugitive before,
You made them frank and free,
To speak and stand in awe no more,
Quoth Reason, so should be.
Oft times now, but crimes, now,
And even perforce it falls
The strong ay, with wrong ay,
Put weaker to the walls ;

LV.

Which is a fault ye must confess,
Strength is ordain'd not to oppress
With rigour wanting right ;
But on the contrair to sustain
The weak ones that have burthen'd been,
As meikle as they might.
So Hope and Courage did, quoth I,
Experienced like,
Shew skill'd and pithy reasons why
That Danger lap the * *dyke*.
Quoth Dread, Sir, take heed, Sir,
Much speaking, part must spill,
Insist not, ye wist not.
We went against our will.

* Wall.

LVI.

With Courage ye were quite content,
Ye never sought our small consent,
Nor of us stood in awe :
Their logick lessons ye believ'd ;
Determined to be deceiv'd,
Alledgence past for law ;
For all the proverbs we perus'd,
Ye thought them scanty skill'd ;
Our reasons had been better **rus'd*,
Had ye been as well will'd
To our side as your side,
So truly I may term it,
We see now, in you now,
Affection does affirm it.

LVII.

Experience then smirking smil'd
We are no babes to be beguil'd,
Quoth he, and shook his head,
For authors who appeal to us,
They would not go about the bus,
To foster deadly feid :

* Praised.

For we are equal to ye all,
No person we respect,
We have been so, are yet, and shall
Be found so in effect.

If we were as ye were,
We had come unrequir'd,
But we, now, ye see now,
Do nothing undesir'd.

LVIII.

There is a sentence said by some,
Let none uncall'd to counsel come,
That welcome weens to be ;
Yea, I have heard another yet,
Who comes uncall'd, unserv'd shall fit,
Perhaps, Sir, so may ye.

Goodman, gramercy for your geck,
Quoth Hope, and lowly * louts,
If ye were sent for, we suspect,
Of that the Doctor doubts :
Your years now, appears now,
With Wisdom to be vexed,
Imposing, and glozing,
Till ye have lost your text.

* Stoops.

LIX.

Where ye were sent for, let us see
 Who would be welcomer than we,
 Prove that and we are paid.
 Well quoth Experience, beware
 Ye ken not in what case you are,
 Your tongue has ~~you~~ betray'd;
 The man perhaps may lose a **stot*
 That cannot count his †*kinsch*,
 In your own bow you are o'ershot,
 By more than half an inch.
 Who *wats*, Sir, if that, Sir,
 Be four which seemeth sweet,
 I fear now, you hear, now,
 A dangerous decret.

LX.

Sir, by that sentence you have said,
 I pledge, or all the game be play'd
 That some shall spring a leak;
 Since ye but put me now to prove,
 Such heads as help for my behove,
 Your warrant is but weak:

* A young Ox. † Cow-cattle.

Ask at the man yourself and see,
Suppose ye strive for state,
If he regarded not how he
Had learn'd my lessons late ;
And granted he wanted
Both Reason, Wit and Skill,
Complaining and * *maining*,
Our absence did him ill.

LXI.

Confront him further, face to face,
If yet he rues his rackless race,
Perhaps and you shall hear ;
For ay since Adam and since Eve,
Who first thy leifings did believe,
I sold thy doctrine dear :
What has been done, even to this day,
I keep in mind *almaist*,
Ye promise further than ye pay,
Sir, Hope, for all your haste ;
Promitting, unwitting,
Your heights you never hooked,
I show you, I know you,
Your by-gones I have booked.

F

* Moaning.

LXII.

I could, in case account were crav'd,
 Quote thousand thousands thou deceiv'd,
 For thou was true to one ;
 And on the contrair, I may vaunt,
 Which thou must, tho' it grieve thee,
 I ne'er deceived man ; [grant,
 But truly told the naked truth
 To such as mell'd with me,
 For neither rigour nor for ruth,
 But only loth to lie :
 To some yet, to come yet,
 The succour will be flight,
 Which I then, must try then,
 And register aright.

LXIII.

Ha, ha ! quoth Hope, and loudly leugh,
 Ye are but prentice at the pleugh,
 Experience, ye prieve ;
 Suppose all by-gones, as ye speak,
 Ye are no prophet worth a leek,
 Nor I bound to believe.

Ye should not say, Sir, till ye see,

But when ye see it say;

Yet, quoth Experience, of thee

Take many marks I may.

By signs now, and lines now,

Which ay before me bears,

Expressing, by gueffing,

The perril that appears.

LXIV.

Then Hope reply'd, and that with pith,

And wisely weigh'd his words therewith,

Sententiously and short:

Quoth he, I am the anchor grip,

That faves the Sailor and the Ship

From perril to the port.

Quoth he, oftimes the anchor drives,

As we have found before,

And loses many thousand lives,

By shipwreck on the shore.

Your grip oft, doth slip oft,

When men have most to do,

Then leaves them, and reaves them

Of thy companions too.

LXV.

Thou leaves them not thyself alone,
But to their grief, when thou art gone,
Makes Courage quit them als.
Quoth Hope, I would you understood,
I hold fast if the ground be good,
And flit where it is false.
There should no fault with me be found ;
Nor I accus'd at all ; [ground
Blame such as should have plumm'd the
Before the anchor fall ;
Their lead ay, at need ay,
Might warn them if they would ;
If they there, would stay there,
Or have good anchor hold.

LXVI.

If ye read right, it was not I,
But rather Ignorance, whereby
Their carvels all were cloven :
I am not for a trumper known,
All, quoth Experience, is one ;
I have my process proven,

To wit, that we were call'd each one,
To come before we came ;
That now, objection ye have none,
Yourself may say the same.

Ye are now, too far now,
Come forward for to flee ;
Perceive then, you have then,
The worst end of the tree.

LXVII.

When Hope was gall'd into the quick,
Quoth Courage, kicking at the prick,

We let ye well to wit ;

Make he you welcomer than we,
Then *bygones*, *bygones*, farewell he,

Except he seek us yet :

He understands his own estate,

Let him his chieftains chuse,

But yet his battle will be * *blate*,

If he our help refuse ;

Refuse us, or chuse us,

We counsel him to climb,

But stay he, or stray he,

We have no help for him.

* *Bathful*.

LXVIII.

Except the CHERRY he hath chose,
Be ye his friends, we are his foes,

His doings we despise :

If we perceive him settled so,
To satisfy him with the SLOE,

His company we quite.

Then Dread and Danger grew full glad,
And wist that they had won,

They thought all feal'd that they had said
Since they had first begun ;

They hight then, they might then,
Without a party plead,

But yet there, with wit there,
They were set down with speed.

LXIX.

Sirs, Dread and Danger then, quoth Wit,
Ye did yourselves to me submit,

Experience can prove:

That, quoth Experience, I past,

Their own confessions make them fast,

They may no more remove.

For if I right, remember me,
 This maxim then they made,
 That well the man of wit should weigh
 What Philosophs have said;
 Which sentence, repentance
 Forbade him dear to buy,
 They knew then, how true then,
 And press'd not to reply.

LXX.

Tho' now were Dread and Danger dumb,
 Yet Courage would not be o'ercome,
 Hope hight him such a hire :
 He strait bethought how soon he saw
 His Enemies were laid so low,
 It was no time to tire :
 He hit the iron in the heat,
 Before it could grow cold ;
 For he esteem'd his foes defeat,
 When once he found them fold :
 Tho' we now, quo' he now,
 Have been so free and frank
 Of right yet, he might yet,
 For kindness coind us thank.

LXXI.

Suppose it so as thou hast said,
That unrequir'd we profferd aid,
At least that came of love;
Experience, ye start too soon,
Ye nothing do till all be done,
And then ye often prove.

More plain than pleasant too, perchance,
Some tell that have you try'd ;
As fast as you yourself advance,
It cannot be deny'd.

Abide then, your tide then,
And wait upon the wind ;
Ye know, Sir, ye owe, Sir,
To hold ye ay behind.

LXXII.

Who wist what would be cheap or dear,
Should need to traffick but a year,
If things to come were known.
Suppose all bygone things be plain,
Your prophesie is but prophane,
Ye had best know your own ;

Ye would accuse me of a crime,
Almost before we met,
Torment you not before the time,
Since dolour pays no debt.
What's bypast, that I past,
Ye wot if it was well,
To come yet, by doom yet,
Confess ye cannot tell.

LXXIII.

Yet, quoth Experience, what then,
Who may be meetest for the man,
Let us his answer have ;
When they submitted them to me,
To Reason I was fain to flee,
His counself kind to crave.
Quoth he, since ye yourselves submit,
To do as I decree ;
I shall advise with Skill and Wit ;
What fitting they may see.
They cry'd then, we bide then,
By Reason for refuge ;
Allow him, avow him,
As governour and judge.

LXXIV.

Then said they all, with one consent,
What he concludes we are content,
His bidding we obey ;
He hath authority to use,
Then take for choice what he will chuse,
And longer not delay :
Then Reason rose and was rejoic'd,
Quoth he, mine hearts, come hither ;
I hope this case may be compos'd,
That we may go together.
To all now, I shall now,
His proper place assign,
That they here, may stay here,
With Reason we combine.

LXXV.

Come on, quoth he, companion Skill,
You understand both good and ill,
In Physick ye are fine ;
Be mediciner to the man,
And shew such cunning as you can,
To put him out of pine :

First search the ground of all his grief,
What sickness you suspect,
Then look what lacks for his relief,
Or further he infect.

Comfort him, exhort him,
Give him your good advice ;
And scant not, nor want not,
For perril or for price.

LXXVI.

Quoth Skill, his senses are so sick,
I know no liquor worth a leek
To quench his deadly drouth ;
Except the CHERRY help his heat,
Whose quenching juices sharp and sweet,
Might melt into his mouth :
His melancholy to remove,
And mitigate his mind ;
None wholesomer for his behove,
Nor of more cooling kind.
No nectar, director,
Could all the gods him give,
Nor send him, to mend him ;
None better I believe.

LXXVII.

For drouth decays as it digests,
 Why then, quoth Reason, nothing rests,
 But how it may be won;
 Most true, quoth Skill, that is the scope,
 Yet we must have some help of Hope,
 Quoth Danger I am done.
 His hastiness brings oft mishap,
 When he is highly hors'd;
 I wou'd we looked, or we lap,
 Quoth Wit, that were not worst.
 I mean now, convene now,
 The council one and all;
 Begin then, call in then,
 Quoth Reason, so I shall.

LXXVIII.

Then Reason rose, with gesture grave,
 Conveening quickly all **the lave*,
 To hear what they would say;
 With silver scepter in his hand,
 As chiftain chosen to command,
 And they bound to obey.

* The rest.

He paused long before he spake,
And in a study stood,
Then he began and silence brake,
Come on, quoth he, conclude.
What way now, we may now,
Yon CHERRY come to catch ;
Speak out firs, about firs,
Have done, let us dispatch.

LXXIX.

Quoth Courage, scourge him first that
Much musing memory but mars, [scars ;
I tell you mine intent ;
Quoth Wit, who will not partly pause,
In perrils perishes perchance,
O'er rackless may repent.
Then, quoth Experience, and spoke,
Sir, I have seen them *baith*,
In *braidiness* * and lie aback,
Escape and come to skaith :
But what now of that now,
Sturt follows all extremes :
Retain then, the mean then,
The surest way it seems.

* Forwardness.

LXXX.

To get the C H E R R Y in all haste,
As for my safty serving maist,
 Tho' Dread and Danger fear'd ;
The peril of that irksome way,
Lest that thereby I should decay,
 Who then so weak appear'd :
Yet Hope and Courage hard beside,
 Who with them wont contend,
Did take in hand us all to guide
 Unto our journey's end.
 Impledging and waging
 Both their two lives for mine,
 Providing the guiding
 To them I would resign.

LXXXI.

Then Dread and Danger did protest,
Alledging it could ne'er be best,
 Nor yet would they agree ;
But said they should found their retreat,
Because they thought them no ways meet
 Conductors unto me ;

Nor to no man in mine estate,
With sickness fore oppress'd ;
For they took ay the nearest gate,
Omitting of the best.

There nearest perquiерest,
Is always to them baith,
Where they, Sir, may say, Sir,
What reckes them of your scaith.

LXXXII.

But as for us two, now we swear,
By him before we must appear,
Our full intent is now,
To have you hale, and always was,
That purpose for to bring to pass,
So is not theirs I trow :

Then Hope and Courage did attest,
The gods of both these parts,
If they wrought not all for the best
Of me with upright hearts.

Our chiftain then lifting
His scepter, did enjoin ;
No more there, uproar there,
And so their strife was done.

LXXXIII.

Rebuking Dread and Danger fore
Suppose they meant well evermore
To me, as they had swore ;
Because their neighbours they abus'd,
In so far as they had accus'd,
Them, as ye heard before :
Did he not else, quoth he, consent
The CHERRY for to * *pow* ?
Quoth Danger, we are well content,
But yet the manner how ?
We shall now, e'en all now,
Get this man with us there ;
It rests then, and's best then,
Your counsel to declare.

LXXXIV.

Well said, quoth Hope and Courage, now,
We thereto will accord with you,
And shall abide by them ;
Like as before we did submit,
Now we repeat the same as fit
We mind not to reclaim ;

* Pull.

Whom they shall chuse to guide the way,
We shall them follow straight,
And further this man what we may,
Because we have so hight ;
Promitting but flitting,
To do the thing we can,
To please baith, and ease baith,
This silly sickly man.

LXXXV.

When Reason heard this, then quoth he,
I see your chieftest stay to be,
That we have nam'd no guide ;
The worthy counsel hath therefore,
Thought good that Wit should go before
For perrils to provide :
Quoth Wit, there is but one of three
Things, I shall to ye shew,
Whereof the first two cannot be,
For any thing I know :
The way here so high here
Is, that we cannot climb,
Even o'er now, we four now,
That will be hard for him.

LXXXVI.

And next for us to wind about,
Where this high range of rocks run out,
The stream is there too strong ;
And also passeth wading deep,
And broader far than we dare leap,
It surely would be wrong.
It spreads still broader to the sea,
Since from the spring it came,
The running dead doth signifie
The deepness of the same ;
I leave now, to prievē now,
How that it slowly slides,
As sleeping and creeping,
But nature so provides.

LXXXVII

Our way then lies below the fall,
Whereby I warrant speed we shall,
The way is wide and plain ;
The water also is right shallow,
I'll lead the way, and ye shall follow,
Nor find your labour vain.

For as we find a mischief grow
Oft of a trifling thing,
So likewise doth this river flow
Forth of a little spring ;
Whose trot, Sir, I wot, Sir,
You may stop with your hand,
As you, Sir, I trow, Sir,
Experience, understand.

LXXXVIII.

That, quoth Experience, I do,
And all ye said, ken to be true,
Since first when ye began ;
Quoth Skill, and I the same approve,
Quoth Reason, then let us remove
This silly slothful man.
Wit and Experience, quoth he,
Shall go before apace,
The man shall come with Skill and me
Into the second place ;
Out-o'er now, you four now
Shall come into a band,
Proceeding, and leading
Each other by the hand.

LXXXIX.

As Reason order'd, all obey'd,
None were too rash, none were afraid,
Our counsel was right wise ;
As of our journey, Wit did note,
We found it true, in every jot,
God blest the enterprize.
For even, as we came to the Tree,
Which as ye heard us tell,
Could not be climbed, suddenly,
The fruit for ripeness, fell ;
Which hasting, and tasting,
I found myself reliev'd,
Of sickness and weakness,
That mind and body griev'd.

THE END.

